

at the table and put her head against her wrinkled hand and said, "Well, the fact is I'm too tired to say. Long after she might have delegated this duty to others she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago in an express train I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Do Wirt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night in the cars the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the moonday table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was a sad, sad scene—not the smile of lunatic, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benighted, hardworking, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Trapped by a Lunatic.
Only lunatics are so unreasonable as to get furious when some one disagrees with them, and so the manufacturer and jobber can have their little differences and still be on the most friendly terms and respect one another's opinions. This puts me in mind of a story of a clergyman told me recently. He was visiting an insane asylum and was told by the man who was showing him around the institution that he was going to introduce him to a patient with whom he must agree, no matter what absurd statements the man might make; otherwise he would be furious. The first thing the insane man said to the clergyman was, "I suppose you know that the Washington monument was totally demolished by a thunderbolt last night?" "Yes," said the clergyman, "and I felt very sorry to think that a work that had taken so long to complete should be destroyed in an instant."

The insane man next said, "Of course you read in the evening papers that Queen Victoria had decided to abdicate in favor of her son, the Prince of Wales?" "Yes," said the clergyman, "and I am not at all surprised."

"Did you read that the president had been impeached?" "Yes, and I think it would have been only fair to have given him a little leniency," said the clergyman. Then the insane man looked intently upon that clergyman and said, "You have the air and the garb of a clergyman, but you can lie like the devil."—Iron Age.

Li Hung Chang and the Bible.
Dr. Colman, missionary physician at Peking, is the medical attendant of Li Hung Chang, and recently found his distinguished patient immersed in the perusal of the New Testament, a handsome copy of which had just been sent to him by the Rev. George Owen of the London mission. He asked Dr. Colman, what he addressed in Chinese as Man Tai Fu, if he really believed the book, and if it was not all rumor and report. Assured that it was true, he asked what the evidences were, an interrogation which the missionary met, eliciting from the great man the remark, "Why, I believe in the Bible. Dr. Colman replied that it would be the best thing he could do, the same condition applying to the young emperor and his people. "We have Confucius," replied Li Hung. "You have Jesus. They are pretty much the same thing." Having admitted so much and becoming really interested in his new Bible, the chance of his conversion, in the opinion of Dr. Colman, is not entirely hopeless and would be the highest achievement of missionary endeavor since their work among the Chinese began.

Queen Mary's Jester.
"The Court Jesters of England" is the title of an article by Amelia Wofford in St. Nicholas. The author says: John Heywood, the poet and dramatist, sometimes styled "the epigrammatist," was jester to Queen Mary. He had been a great favorite with her father, King Henry VIII, to whose court he was introduced by Sir Thomas More, and his acquaintance with Mary was from her childhood. In those early days he contributed considerably to the little princess' amusement. He was manager of a juvenile company that played before her, he composed songs for her, sometimes making himself the subject, and on her eighteenth birthday he wrote a poem in which he, in which she was flatteringly described.

On her marriage with Philip he composed a ballad for her, and at her coronation, when the grand procession, headed by the new queen clad in blue velvet and seated in her gilded chariot drawn by six horses, approached the palace, her old friend Heywood greeted her with an oration. Heywood's influence with this morbid and sullen queen was not happy and was undoubtedly due to long association with her, and her last illness was hastened by his songs, recitations and readings from his plays. "His merri-merris were so irresistible that they moved even the rigid muscles of Queen Mary," says one old writer, "and her sullen solennity was not proof against his songs, his rhymes and his jests."

Deplorable.
George Eliot, the great novelist, lived for some of her later years in that populous land of artists which lies between Witley and Haslemere, in Surrey. Her residence was on the heights, overlooking that vast woodland scene which Birket Foster has reproduced in so many charming illustrations. With the rural Surrey folk the novelist was greatly pleased, and their dialect seemed to her as rich and racy as that of the Middlesex rustics of her early years. She would repeat with a quaint Surrey villager's remark: "Oh, ma'am, what I have gone through with my husband! He is so meddicated. He never had a tailcoat in his life."

Germany's Book Importations.
Germany imports \$5,000,000 worth of books yearly. Of this Austria-Hungary furnishes \$1,800,000; Switzerland, \$800,000; France, \$700,000; Holland and Great Britain, \$400,000 each; Russia, \$380,000; the United States, \$160,000, and other countries, \$550,000.

Overheard in Bookstore.
New Clerk—Have you ever read "The Last Days of Pompeii?"
Mrs. Neurich—No. What did he die of?
New Clerk—Some kind of an eruption, I believe.—Chicago News.

A DISASTROUS MUSICAL BAR.

Twelve Cellists Who Could Not Play With Their State.

There is a down town theater in St. Louis which has had a new cello player every week since the season opened. Every one of the cellists who have been dismissed "fell down" on the same piece of music, a Hungarian dance of some eccentric but catchy sort. No matter how good the cellist might be in reading music at sight, whenever he came to a certain important passage in this composition his bow would fall mutely by his side, his left hand make a frantic but vain effort to finger the strings, and his eyes stare as if he saw a ghost.

Week after week the Hungarian dance was a fizzle. The leader got mad and the cello was fired. The other members of the orchestra began to call the piece the Hungarian hoo-doo and looked for its reappearance as if it was a "haunt." The leader was very proud of the Hungarian dance, because he had transposed and arranged it himself, and was determined to make it "go" before the season ended.

A cello of some renown arrived in the city last week, and he was promptly employed. When he showed up for rehearsal, there on the programme, as luck would have it, was the Hungarian hoo-doo. The bass fiddler alone took pity on the young cello and whispered in his ear: "Better take a look at the Hungarian dance before you tackle it." The cello took the cello part and ran his experienced eye over it, tried some of the difficult passages and played them with ease. Suddenly his eye fell upon the fatal passage. His mouth opened, the bow fell, his eyes popped. The leader was rapping to begin. "Who arranged this cello part?" "I did. Why?" "It can't be played as written by any normal man unless he fingers this bass note with his nose. I do not use my nose, and I don't think it can be done!" "Mozart did it," gasped the leader, spurring for wind as he examined the passage. "But that was a piano," protested the cello, while the musicians crowded around and giggled at the leader's discomfort.

The Hungarian hoo-doo was omitted from the programme, the cello was not fired, and the piece will be rearranged.—St. Louis Republic.

A Joke on General Lee.

Mrs. Cleveland enjoys a joke as much as her husband and has a good memory. One of her first remarks, after she knew that Ruth and Esther had a little brother, was that the good news should be telegraphed to General Fitz Hugh Lee. That gentleman, who is now our consul general at Havana, was in this country at the time, but his name did not appear among the list of persons who congratulated the ex-president and Mrs. Cleveland upon the birth of their son. The reason was that four years previous General Lee had been royally laughed at all over the country for premature enthusiasm in the matter of such congratulations. The Democrat's convention of Virginia was in session, and his husband's name was found in the list of the electors. The platform discussions which usually absorb the attention of such a gathering.

Sombody up in Massachusetts set in motion what is known in the newspaper profession as a "fake dispatch," to the effect that a son had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland. When this information reached Virginia, General Lee did not stop to verify it or wait for its publication in any responsible newspaper, but at once demanded the attention of the convention while he read a series of resolutions, which by rising vote were adopted and telegraphed to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland at Buzzards Bay. He went so far as to designate the putative youngster as "Grover, Jr.," and said many things in the course of an eloquent address which did not sound either wise or witty when found to be built on a fake. General Lee was severely ridiculed for his indiscretion, and he probably considered it the part of wisdom to refrain from entering the lists upon the more recent occasion of felicitation.—Chicago Record.

A Convict's Moral Code.
The leading article in a recent issue of The Monthly Record, published at the state prison, is entitled "The Borderland," and is written by No. 18 H, and has a decidedly religious tone. Five rules for conduct are laid down, and the author says they are principles by which his life is governed:

1. If possible, be well and have a good appetite. If these conditions are yours, the battle of life is already half won. Many soul and heart troubles arise really in the stomach, though it may seem strange to you.
2. Be busy. Fill the hours so full of useful and interesting work that there shall be no time for dwelling on your troubles, that the day shall dawn full of expectation, the night full of repose.
3. Forget yourself. You never will be happy if your thoughts constantly dwell upon yourself, your own perfection, your own shortcomings, what people think of you, and so on.
4. Expect little. Expect little of life, not too much of your friends.
5. Trust in God. Believe that God is, that he really knows what is best for you. Believe this truly, and the bitterness is gone from life.—Hartford Courant.

Buxley.
Professor St. George Mivart, the eminent English scientist, who is a Roman Catholic, pays this tribute to the late Professor Huxley in The Nineteenth Century: "Though I attended his lectures for years, never once did I hear him make use of his position as a teacher to inculcate or even hint at his own theological views or to depreciate or assail what might be supposed to be the religion of his hearers. No one could have behaved more loyally in that respect, and a proof that I thought so is that I subsequently sent my son to be his pupil at South Kensington, where his experience confirmed what had previously been my own. As to science, I learned more from him in two years than I had acquired in any previous decade of biological study."

France enjoys the largest share of the commerce of Colombia. This is owing doubtless to the large French outlays for the Panama canal.

BLACK NAPOLEONS.

Zulu Kings Who Have Been Condemned to Exile on St. Helena.

Once again St. Helena has become the prison of Great Britain. Seventy-two years ago Napoleon entered on his six years' exile there, fretting and fuming in his superb loneliness, with nothing to survey but those sea and sky, forty square miles when the island is composed of. Today it is the home of the Zulu kings, the brother and half brother of the Zulu, Cetewayo. It is not the Zulu king, Cetewayo, who is the prisoner of St. Helena being the prisoner that makes him speak of the exiled chiefs as "Black Napoleons," for the Zulu, since the beginning of the century, had been the greatest warrior in South Africa. When the English first landed at Port Natal, Chaka, the chief, dominated the whole of the southeastern seaboard, from the Limpopo to Cape Colony. Chaka was killed by his brother in 1828, and succeeded by another, called Dingaan, who warred against the Boers and was defeated by them in 1838. The Cape government took military possession of the country in 1841 and felt bound to blot out the Zulus under Cetewayo in 1853-4. When the great chief died, or was poisoned, in 1854, the quarrel was continued by his son, Dinizulu, and in 1858 he and his uncles were banished to St. Helena.

All the exiled chiefs are married, Dinizulu having actually two wives. The wives of the exiled chiefs have their hair dressed in the cone which is the proper coiffure of Zulu married women. This, however, cannot lawfully be done till all the marriage rites are duly completed, and as this was impossible in Dinizulu's case, his marriage having taken place only during his exile, the bride had to be contented with a partial ceremony and will only be able to dress their hair on their return home, after the remaining observances have been gone through with. With the chiefs in exile there is an old man, Paul Mthimkhulu, a catechist from Cape Town, who was invited by Cetewayo many years ago to settle in Zululand and teach his people. When the chiefs were exiled, "Dr. Paul," as the Zulus call him, accompanied them to St. Helena. It may be mentioned that Dinizulu writes an excellent hand and can speak and read English with facility and write it tolerably well. The Zulu attendants who accompanied the party (or were sent out later by the government) all came of their own free will. Those who have advocated the release of the chiefs argue that they will be welcomed by the whole Zulu people, who have never ceased to sorrow for the woes of their royal house. It will have the effect of convincing them—a conviction—that the queen's government means to deal fairly by them. As Mr. Escombe said some years ago, "There is not in the whole of her majesty's possessions a race more loyal and more wronged than the Zulus."—Sketch.

Where the Art of Washing Is Lost.

Teachers in the board schools of a large city have heard many stories, some of them amusing, some of them pathetic. A young woman who teaches in a kindergarten, upon learning that one of her little pupils was ill, went to visit her. The teacher had been to Katie's home before, and so had no difficulty in finding the two little rooms at the top of a workmen's dwelling house where Katie and her mother lived. The mother was absent, and Katie, well wrapped up, was sitting up in bed.

After the usual inquiries and condolences the teacher noticed that the little girl seemed to speak with some difficulty and said: "Katie, I am going to examine your lungs." "Yes'm," responded the child dutifully, and Miss C. began to loosen the child's nightgown. After removing it she found layer after layer of flannel, which she unfasted with some difficulty. Satisfying herself that there was no danger of pneumonia she began to replace the child's dress, when Katie began to cry. "My mother'll be awful angry at you when she gets home and finds what you've done." "Why, Katie, what have I done?" "You've unfasted all my flannels, and ma had just got me sewed up for the winter."—London Tit-Bits.

Professional Mending.

For some time a number of women in New York have been doing professional mending. Expertness with the needle is the only preparation necessary for this business. The menders are missionaries in a way, for they seek out bachelors at their boarding houses, apartments and hotels and make a contract to keep buttons on coats, vests and trousers, to darn hose and to close up rents in clothing. The price charged for such service varies according to the size of a man's wardrobe. According to the New York Sun this scheme of a perambulating repair shop appeals to the average man, for it means money in his pocket. Tailors charge good round sums for odd jobs, and a woman fixes up many things that a tailor would not touch. It is easier to have a woman drop in while a man is away at business and rid him of all the worry about the condition of his clothes. The mender visits her customers at stated intervals.

Where Girls Live Long.

In the single Pennsylvania town of Friendsville, near Binghamton, there are 20 persons over 90 years of age and five who have passed the century mark. Mrs. Mary Cullen is 104, John Cullen 102, William Derby 102 and Mrs. Elizabeth Gray and Mrs. Phyllis Gollen are past over 100. They are all hale and hearty. The women yet knit stockings and do kitchen work and the men chop wood and build rail fences. The town thus holds an unparalleled record for longevity, and it appears to be harder work to die there than it is to get a living in most other places.

Out of every 100 young men called out for military service in Italy in 1895 52 were excused for physical unfitness or other reasons.

The United States now buy from Venezuela annually about \$10,000,000 worth of products and sell to her only \$4,000,000 worth.

Plants growing near the sea have thicker leaves than those growing inland. Apparently the sea salt is the cause of this phenomenon, as plants cultivated in artificially salted soil yield thicker leaves.

Not long ago a professor of the University of Chicago advertised in a morning paper for information concerning hexadactyls, or six fingered people. He received 155 answers from six toed or fingered people.

The cod fisheries of Newfoundland have been followed for nearly 400 years. They greatly exceed those of any other country in the world. The average export of cod is about 1,350,000 hundred-weight per annum.

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

Treatment Necessary to Insure a Healthy Bloom During the Winter.

"Probably one of the greatest difficulties with which we have to contend in keeping plants in the house is that parching dryness of the atmosphere most noticeable in steam or furnace heated houses," writes Robert R. McGregor in The Woman's Home Companion. "This condition may be overcome to a certain extent by placing jars or pans of water on the radiators or swinging them in the pipes just below the registers, thus furnishing a constant supply of moisture to the air by the evaporation of the water. Gas and dust are enemies to plants. The former must be prevented by proper regulation of the heating apparatus and the latter by regular washing of the foliage. In spraying or sponging the foliage do not neglect the under sides of the leaves, for it is there that insects first make their appearance, and regular sponging will prevent them from starting or spreading.

"The temperature is another matter for consideration. In the average living room the temperature should be from 68 to 70 degrees F., which for the majority of plants will do very well, but there are some, such as carnations, violets, primroses, callas, etc., which will thrive better in a room where the temperature is from 8 to 10 degrees lower. At all times guard carefully against placing plants where they will be subjected to cold drafts, which are injurious and often produce mildew if the foliage is damp.

"Another important part in the cultivation of house plants is the watering, which indicates to a great extent success or failure. To lay down specific rules for watering would be a difficult matter. Too much water will rot the roots, so the soil and stop the growth of the plant and not enough will starve it. The general tendency is to overwater. Supply water liberally when necessary, then withhold it entirely until the soil is in condition to be watered again. The soil in the pot should not be allowed to become dry like dust, but just as it will crumble nearly in the hand. Avoid by all means the ruinous practice of watering the plants daily whether they need it or not. Plants in small pots usually dry out quickly, but this may be prevented by placing them on trays or saucers on which there is an inch or two of clean sand.

"As to the best location in the room for plants, place them where they will get the greatest amount of fresh air, light and sunshine, which is usually about the windows. Flowering plants should be given all the sunshine possible. Potted plants do not require sunshine—that is, it is not absolutely necessary—but do not consign them to a dark corner for that reason."

Artificial Flowers.

The artificial flower trade, in which thousands of women and girls are employed both in London and Paris, is on the eve of being revolutionized, so says Cassell's Family Magazine. Hitherto the petals have been made of muslin, silk, satin and even of velvet, colored after nature and most successfully manipulated into the semblance of beautiful blossoms.

A substance has been discovered for flower making that puts the most delicate textile materials ever manufactured completely in the shade, and will probably take their place and reign supreme for its particular purpose. It consists of the thinnest of thin shavings from the inner pith of an oriental palm that grows in Formosa and can be compared to nothing so well as the almost transparent petals of a white poppy or a delicate tea rose. A lily petal is robust in comparison with this marvelous substance, which has all the sheen and translucence and even the slightly frosted appearance seen in some white flowers.

It can be tinted far better than silk or muslin and is practically indestructible. In wet weather it gives and falls a little, but just as real flowers do, and when the sun comes out it crisps, reasserts itself and takes a new lease of life and beauty. So admirably adapted are roses and carnations made of it for buttonhole and other bouquets that when fairly on the market they will most likely make a considerable difference to the florists, as the fadeless flowers never really droop and will do duty over and over again.

Winter Blooming Oranias.

The oranias in its many varieties is one of the most practical and most satisfactory window plants we have and owing to its ease of cultivation and very free flowering qualities should find a place in every collection of house plants. Among the best varieties to grow are the bowtie, a very charming variety having strong, heavy foliage and bearing large rose colored flowers; versicolor, the closed flowers of which are very delicately marked; Bermuda buttercup, an improved yellow sort with large leaves; Latera, a double yellow floribunda, pink, and Florida alba, white. All of the above varieties are grown from bulbs, which may be planted in a four or five inch pot, thus securing a good head of foliage and a larger number of blooms in one mass. Keep the plants in a warm, sunny window while blooming and water them well as often as is necessary.—Woman's Home Companion.

Klondike Gold.

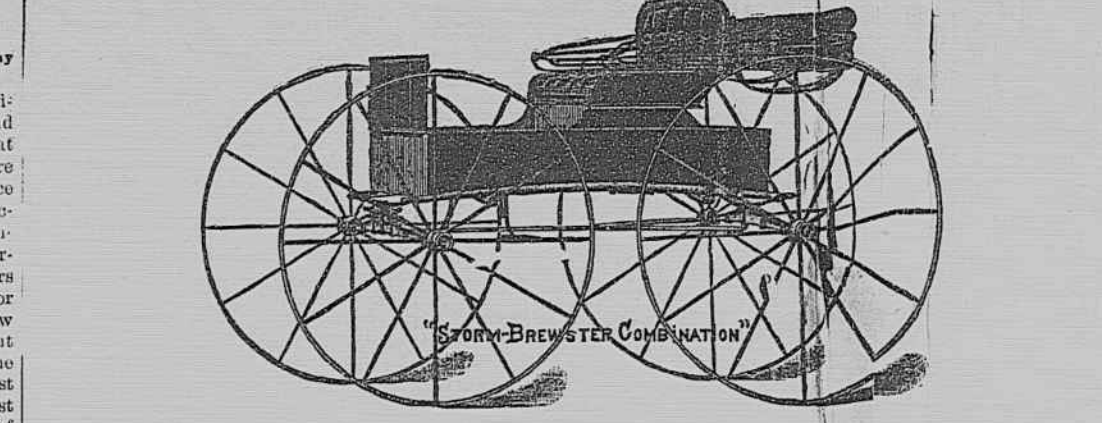
Speaking of the Klondike, The Engineering and Mining Journal says: "When the ten millions or so of dollars come down from there next year, don't get excited, but remember they are the solid product of a year's labor of from 6,000 to 8,000 men, who cannot afford to work grain that yields less than one cent a gold per man per day. If those who think of going to the Yukon country to get rich will work as hard and undergo as many privations here at home in the pursuit of money, they will, we have no doubt, be richer at the end of five years here than will be the average of those who go to Klondike. The Klondike is not nearly as rich as California was in 1850 nor as many districts in California and some other states are today."

Artificial Silk.

The silkworm is threatened with the loss of its occupation. The insect, it seems, just doddlerly mixes mulberry leaf with a gummy substance and then spins its thread. A French inventor claims to have discovered that by reducing mulberry leaves to pulp by machinery and adding a gummy substance silk may be made in half the time and of more brilliant luster than that produced by the silkworm.

It will surprise some people to know that during the busiest time on the Atlantic cable, between 10 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon, an average of 900 messages pass each way every day.

Travelers in Sweden report that the street cars in that country seldom stop for passengers. Both men and women jump on and off while they are moving, and accidents are scarcely ever heard of.



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